Cade. The Duke of Yorke, nay I learnt it my ſelfe,
For looke you, *Roger Mortimer* the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

Staf. Well, that's true: But what then?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Staf. That's falſe.

Cade. I, but I ſay tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was ſtolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his ſonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke. Nay looke you, I know was true;
For his father built a chimney in my fathers houſe,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to teſtifye it.

Cade. But doeſt thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers ſake, in whoſe time boyes playde at ſpan-counter with French Crownes, I am content that he ſhall be King as long as he liues: marry alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

Staf. O monſtrous ſimplicity.

Cade. And tell him, wee'll haue the Lord *Sayes* head, and the Duke of Somerſets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of *Anio* and *Mayne*, and ſelling the Townes in France: by which means England hath bene maim'd euer ſince, and gone as it were with a crutch, but that my puiſſance held it vp. And beſides, they can ſpeake French, and therefore they are Traitors.

Staf. As how I prethee?

Cade. Why the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not? And then can he that ſpeakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good ſubiect? Anſwere me to that.

Staf. Well ſirra, wilt thou yeeld thy ſelfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he wil pardon thee and theſe, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then Ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Staf. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That thoſe that will forſake the Rebell Cade,

Shall

Shall haue free pardon from h

Cade. Come ſirs, S. George

Alarmes to the battell, where
are both ſlaine. Th
againe,

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, t
antly, and knockt them dow
ter-houſe, and thus I will re
long againe as it was, and tho
ſcore and one a weeke. Drum
London, and to morrow I me
minſter.

Enter the King reading of a
Duke of Suffolkes
w

King. Sir *Humphrey Stafford*
And the Rebels march amain
Go backe to them, and tell th
Ile come and parley with thei
Yet ſtay, Ile reade the Letter
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath ſ

Say. I, but I hope your hig

King. How now Madam,
Suffolkes death? I feare my
not haue mourn'd ſo much fo

Qu. No my loue, I ſhould

Enter

Meſ. Oh flye my Lord, the
And haue almoſt wonne the
Calling your Grace an vſurpe
And that monſtrous Rebell C
To crowne himſelfe King in
Therefore flye my Lord, and

King. Go bid Buckingham
An army vp, and meete with